NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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'SWEET CHILDISH DAYS THAT WERE AS LONG AS TWENTY DAYS ARE NOW.'—*Wordsworth.* From a photograph by the Berlin Photograph Company.

WINNING BOYS.

HOW TO DO IT.

If you are going to capture boys you must imagine yourself to be a boy. From seeing boys select toys, you will know that they want a drum, and a hammer, and a bicycle, and a kite, and all the rest that boys like; and this ought to teach us that boys like noise, and things that go. Make a note in your Junior book, and when you have a sociable, introduce a little of each of these elements.

Boys, too, like military methods; so follow on that line. If you teach Scripture, select some military verses, and divide your boys into Company A and Company B and let them charge on each other with Scripture verses. For example, A will recite, 'Fight the good fight of faith.' B will respond with, 'Quit you like men, be strong.' A, 'Through God we shall do valiantly.' B, 'Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.'

Have also two anti-saloon brigades, and toss temperance verses back and forth, interspersing temperance songs. Have occasionally a ten-minute debate by the boys on the hurtfulness of the use of tobacco, liquor, opium, on the demoralizing effect of gambling, often early started in marbles, lottery, candy stores, and so on.

Let the boys be monitors and choristers, and let them have in their breasts the feeling that the society could not do without them.

Watch their failings carefully, and correct them, not with a long preachment in a tremulous voice, but by a story formed or made over to fit your particular need. One sentence (after the story) such as 'We should be sorry to have such a spirit creep into our lovely society,' is better than forty long-drawn-out sermons.

Have illustrated talks, bright new facts, varied programmes, and you have bait that will catch a great many boys. But not all; and, as we should aim to have them all, I will mention entirely new tactics which have been most successfully tried in the Jersey City Tabernacle. It is different from all methods, but if it catches boys don't shrink from it, and call it impractical. It looked at first impractical, very impractical, to us, but it has proved an immense success.

I speak of our gymnasiums (one for boys and one for girls), and to them we repair at the conclusion of each Junior Endeavor meeting. So helpful are they to us that without them I should feel as maimed as a man without arms. For one hour each week I have under my training many boys who would never come into the Junior meetings but for this attraction.

It is funny to watch them when they first come, for they are far more restless than 'a cat in a strange garret.' I smile continually at them, have my helpers aid them in finding Bible verses, use all means not too conspicuous in supporting their activity, and wonder all the time if they can ever be spiritualized. They are such boys as would distribute Barnum's hand-bills if your back were turned; who would pull another boy's hair in prayer time, and keep your nerves on the last strain; boys full of life who need a gymnasium in which to work off their surplus energy.

Do such boys become spiritual? Of course they do, and much sooner than you think. First, their manners improve, then they seem a little drawn towards you, then they become eager to answer questions, next they come early to aid you in preparing for the meetings, soon they lead the meeting, and at last stand at the altar to unite with the church.

What wrought this change? The Lord Jesus Christ, undoubtedly, aided by a gymnasium and an earnest Christian teacher; but neither the Lord Jesus nor the teacher could have caught those gay lads with an empty hook.

Remember that it is these happy-go-lucky lads who stand the best chance of landing in jails or reformatories. There is more religion than you can understand, unless you have tried it, in meeting your boys in a gymnasium. You little know the influence you exert when you push a swing, turn a jumping-rope, praise a high kick, cheer a tug-of-war combat; for, while you are helping the boys to develop their bodies, you are also knocking on the head Satan's strong argument, that 'you can't be religious and have a good time.'

In such happy fellowship a teacher doubles her chance of saving the boys under her care. I never go away from these happy gatherings without wishing myself a child that I might have church life under such happy auspices.

'But,' some will say, 'fitting up gymnasiums is expensive work.' It is, there is no denying it. But there never was a better expenditure of money than saving boys. Take this for your motto, if you desire to teach your children in this way, and you will be successful: 'Where there's a will, there's a way.' If you want such an annex to your church, in most cases you can get it. Try and see.—*Mrs. Alice May Scudder, in Golden Rule.*

TRUST.

Supposing a dear little robin
Were to come on your window sill,
And pick up the crumbs you had scattered
Until he had had his fill.

Would not your heart be tender
With love for the sweet wee thing?
And the more if at last it ventured
On your outstretched hand to cling?

So God our father in heaven,
For his children a feast has spread,
And calls the sons that are hungry
To feed on the 'Living Bread.'

Then, oh, let us boldly trust him,
Let us venture very near,
And gather the crumbs of comfort
He giveth, our souls to cheer.

For all who confide in the Father,
To them his compassions move
When his children fully trust him,
They shall fully know his love.

—*From the Chord Found, by A. M. P.*

STUDYING THE CHILD'S HOME.

To woman has been credited the instinct of curiosity. If this be true, and it leads the primary teacher to know the home life of her Sunday-school scholars, certainly it is well ordered. We fear, however, that many good teachers in the class room fail to realize the importance of home visitation in order to make practical the lessons of Sunday. Therefore, for the best results of her work we urge the teacher to study the child through its home life. An acquaintance with the parents and home surroundings is a strong link in the chain of interest between teacher and child. One visit at the child's home will unfold more knowledge of the daily life of the scholar than can be gathered in a month through other channels; and this information is of value to a teacher desiring to aid a child in its religious life.

The following is a list of reasons for home visitation given by primary teachers at a conference:

One disheartened teacher was much encouraged when she found out that her lessons were carried by her pupil to other members of the household.

Another secured the attendance of the father upon the services of the house of God.

Parents have been interested to visit the class and listen to the teaching of their children.

To give sanitary suggestions.

To wisely warn of evil companions.

To aid in the correction of bad habits among scholars.

To secure co-operation of parents in home instruction of lessons.

To consider the child's reading matter.

In some cases to hang upon the wall chaste and educating pictures.

To read God's Word.

To care for the sick and relieve the suffering.

To dispense the bread and water of life for the sake of him who said, 'If ye will eat and drink of that which I give, ye shall not hunger nor thirst.'

Many of these reasons were illustrated by facts, one or two of which we give:

A teacher in her round of visits upon absentees found in one home six children seated upon table and chairs (barefooted). The mother was moving about in a half-shod condition. A careful inquiry revealed the facts that the father had been out of employment for three months, the fuel was low, and food scarce. A report of the case was made to the Sunday-school supply corps, who came together, and, after singing 'Something to do for Jesus,' took the case in hand. On the following day an amusing scene was witnessed, as in turn six pairs of feet moved in procession over the bare floor to test the size of new shoes and stockings.

We feel assured that the visitation of the scholar's home puts us in contact with the mightiest forces that mold the child's life. The mother's heart of love, the father's instinct of protection, are both allied to the teacher's ability to shape the heart of the child by Gospel truth; and to secure the parents' alliance for the clinching of the Sunday-school teachings brings the grandest result.—*Mrs. Jas. S. Ostrander, in S. S. Journal.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON V.—JULY 29, 1894.

THE YOUTH OF JESUS.—Luke 2:40-52.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 46-49.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.'—Luke 2:52.

THE LESSON STORY.

Once every year Joseph and Mary went to Jerusalem to keep the feast of the passover. Do you remember when and where the first passover was eaten?

When Jesus was twelve years old he went with them for the first time. This was the third journey of the child Jesus. What was his first journey? (Luke 2:22.) And the second? (Matt. 2:13, 15.)

Nazareth was a small hillside city, about seventy miles north of Jerusalem. The people from Nazareth went up to the feast together, some walking and some riding on mules. It was a beautiful, peaceful journey.

We may be sure that Jesus cared to learn all that he could in the holy city, for when the little company started to go back to Nazareth he could not be found. They searched for him, and after three days they found him in the temple listening to the teachers of the law and asking them wise questions.

When his mother asked why he stayed behind he said that he must be about his Father's business. But he went home with them, and was their obedient child, and God blessed him more and more.—*Berean Lesson Book.*

LESSON PLAN.

I. His Early Childhood. vs. 40-42.
II. His First Passover. vs. 43-50.
III. His Young Manhood. vs. 51, 52.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 2:40-52.—The Youth of Jesus.
T. Deut. 16:1-7.—The Yearly Feasts.
W. Psalm 27:1-14.—Desire for God's House.
Th. Psalm 84:1-12.—Delight in God's House.
F. John 9:1-12.—The Works of Him that Sent Me.
S. Psalm 122:1-9.—Joy in God's House.
S. Eph. 6:1-9.—Children, Obey Your Parents.

TIME.—A.D. 8, April, twelve years after our last lesson; Augustus Cæsar emperor of Rome; Coponius governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACES.—Jerusalem, Nazareth.

OPENING WORDS.

The events of our lessons in the life of Christ thus far occurred probably within the first six months after his birth. Between this lesson and the last there is an interval of about eleven years and a half. Our Saviour lived at Nazareth until he was thirty years old. This lesson tells us all we know of these years.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

40. *Grace of God*—the divine favor. 41. *The Passover*—celebrated at the full moon of the first month (parts of March and April), in memory of the deliverance of the firstborn in Egypt. Ex. 12:21-27. 42. *Twelve years old*—at his age Jewish boys entered upon the responsibilities of men. 43. *Fulfilled the days*—the seven days of the feast. Ex. 12:15; Lev. 23:5, 6. 44. *Sought him*—when they halted for the night. 46. *After three days* counting one for departure, one for return and one for search. *Sitting*—as a learner. *Doctors*—teachers. *Asking them questions*—as scholars generally did. 47. *Understanding*—as shown by his questions. 49. *Wist ye not*—know ye not. The Revised Version renders this question, 'Wist ye not that I must be in my Father's house?'

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did Jesus live during his early years? Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. HIS EARLY CHILDHOOD. vs. 40-42.—What is said of the child Jesus? What was foretold of him in Isa. 11:2? Where did his parents go every year? What was the passover? What ordinance has taken its place?

II. HIS FIRST PASSOVER. vs. 43-50.—At what age did his parents take Jesus with them? What took place as they returned? Where did they seek him? What did they do? Where was Jesus found? What was he *doing*? At what were all astonished? What did Mary say to Jesus? What was his reply?

III. HIS YOUNG MANHOOD. vs. 51, 52.—Where did Jesus go with his parents? How did he behave toward them? How should all children be like him? In what did Jesus increase?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Jesus knows the wants of children, for he was once a child.
2. He set an example that children should follow.
3. Children should love the house of God, and begin early to serve him.
4. They should try to get a good education, and especially to learn the truths of the Bible.
5. Like Jesus, we should love and obey our parents.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What is said of the child Jesus? Ans. The grace of God was upon him.
2. At what age was he taken to the passover? Ans. At the age of twelve years.
3. What did he do at the close of the feast? Ans. He stayed at Jerusalem.
4. How long did his parents seek him? Ans. Three days.
5. Where did they find him? Ans. In the temple with the teachers of the law.
6. What did he say to his mother when they had found him? Ans. Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

LESSON VI.—AUGUST 5, 1894.

THE BAPTISM OF JESUS.—Mark 1:1-11.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.'—Mark 1:11.

THE LESSON STORY.

The time had come now for a prophecy to be fulfilled which was made a long time before by Isaiah. (Read Isa. 40:3, 4, 5.) Jesus was still living in Nazareth with Joseph and Mary. If you will read Mark 6:3 you will find the kind of work he did. Jesus was about thirty years of age when a man named John began to preach near the river Jordan. John wore a rough garment of camel's hair, bound with a girdle of skin, and he ate locusts and wild honey, as the poor people of that country did.

This strange man called the people to get ready for the coming of the Saviour. He said they could only do this by leaving off their sins and obeying God. Many were baptized by John, confessing their sins.

Now Jesus knew that the time had come for him to begin to preach. He left Nazareth, and came to John to be baptized. While he was coming out of the water the heavens were opened and the Holy Spirit like a dove came upon him. Then a voice from heaven said: 'Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.'—*Berean Lesson Book.*

HOME READINGS.

M. Mal. 3:1-12.—The Messenger Promised.
T. Isa. 40:1-11.—His Work Foretold.
W. Luke 1:1-22.—His Birth Predicted.
Th. Luke 1:57-80.—The Prediction Fulfilled.
F. Mark 1:1-11.—The Baptism of Jesus.
S. Isa. 42:1-12.—The Office of Christ.
S. Isa. 61:1-11.—The Spirit upon Christ.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Voice of Prophecy. vs. 1-3.
II. The Voice in the Wilderness. vs. 4-8.
III. The Voice from Heaven. vs. 9-11.

TIME.—A. D. 27, early in January; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee.

PLACE.—The fords of Bethabara, on the Jordan, five miles north-east of Jericho.

OPENING WORDS.

The author of this Gospel was John, whose surname was Mark. Acts 12:25. His mother was Mary the sister of Barnabas. Col. 4:10. He was probably converted under the preaching of Peter, and his Gospel was probably written under Peter's direction. It omits all mention of our Lord's birth and early years, and begins with the mission of John the Baptist. Study with this lesson the parallel accounts, Matt. 3:1-17; Luke 3:1-22.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *Gospel*—the glad news of salvation. *Jesus*—the Saviour (Matt. 1:21); *Christ*—the Anointed One (Luke 2:11); *The Son of God*—divine and eternal. 2. *In the prophets*—Mal. 3:1; Isa. 40:3. *My messenger*—John the Baptist. In the East many of the roads are but mere paths, crooked, and often blocked with stones and other obstructions. Kings and princes sent heralds before them to clear and prepare the way. 4. *Wilderness*—a wild, thinly-peopled region. *Baptism of repentance*—a sign of repentance and putting away sin. 6. *Camel's hair*—coarse water-proof cloth woven of camel's hair. *Locusts*—the Arabs still eat them. 7. *Latchet*—the strap by which the sandals were fastened to the feet. 8. *Water ... Holy Ghost*—John's baptism was outward, and only a symbol; Christ's is spiritual, and cleanses the heart. 9. *Was baptized*—see Matt. 3:13-15. 11. *A voice*—the Father speaks, the Holy Spirit descends, and the Son receives the divine approval. *My beloved Son*—implying Christ's divine nature

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who wrote this Gospel? What do you know about Mark? Title? Golden text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE VOICE OF PROPHECY. vs. 1-3.—What is the meaning of *gospel*? *Of Jesus*? *Of Christ*? What is Jesus here called? Who is meant by *my messenger*? What did Malachi say of him? What did Isaiah?

II. THE VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS. vs. 4-8.—What did John do? What is repentance unto life? What was the effect of John's preaching? What kind of clothing did John wear? What was his food? Whose coming did he foretell? How was Jesus mightier than John? With what did John baptize? How would Jesus baptize? How did John prepare Christ's way?

III. THE VOICE FROM HEAVEN. vs. 9-11.—Who came from Nazareth to be baptized? What occurred at his baptism? Why did the Spirit descend upon Jesus? (See Isa. 61:1.) What did the voice from heaven say?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, came into the world to be our Saviour.
2. Our hearts must be prepared to receive his gospel.
3. If we confess and forsake our sins, we shall be forgiven and saved.
4. Water-baptism will not save us; we need the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Who appeared as a messenger to prepare the way for the coming of Christ? Ans. John the Baptist.
2. What did the messenger do? Ans. He baptized in the wilderness, and preached the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins.
3. What did he foretell of the Messiah? Ans. He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost.
4. What followed the baptism of Jesus? Ans. The Spirit like a dove descended upon him.
5. What did the voice from heaven say? Ans. Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

SCHOOL DECORATION.

BARDA.

Have you tried it? If you have, you have found it too fascinating to be neglected. If you have not, you have missed much of the pleasure which is your right, and you should lose no time in reaching for it.

Do you say, 'But my school is so dingy and awkwardly built, just four of the barest of walls, and the plainest of window and door frames, painted in the dullest of grays. I cannot afford to decorate, and there is no use attempting it.

Isn't there? Your windows have sills, haven't they? And these would hold a half-dozen flower-jars? And surely there are plants kept in the homes of some of your pupils. Get as many of them as you can, to bring plants or slips which you can plant in empty fruit cans. Cover these if you like, but the bright tin cans do not look amiss.

Then go yourself to a florist's, and spend one or two dollars carefully, and if they do not yield you a hundred percent of interest (there is a pun there) before the end of October,—why, don't try again. A few ivies climbing over your windows, with some flowering plants below, will change their appearance considerably.

Your plants will make themselves useful too, in other ways. In Object and Language lessons, and in Composition, to say nothing of Botany, they will help you, they will make more interests in common between you and your pupils, and will keep your and their faces brighter, and your hearts too.

As you talk and write of them, you will mention other plants and flowers with which your pupils are not acquainted, and will find it necessary to bring pictures of them.

These you may tack up on the walls, for all to examine. If very pretty, you may frame them.

Then you will get some pretty calendars, and you or your pupils will find suggested to you other cheerful pictures which you may frame with evergreen boughs, or gay leaves, which you will all go out together to gather. At the same time you may collect pretty grasses, make bouquets or sheaves of them and tie them with bright-colored ribbons, and hang them in the corners.

If you are so fortunate as to live within a few miles of (and not too near to) a butcher's slaughter-house, get some finely shaped horns, scald, scrape, and polish them, and you will have as pretty and graceful wall-vases as you could wish for, with this very desirable quality—they cannot be broken.

I need say no more. If you try even so little as this, other ideas will suggest themselves to you, and when you observe how much more regular the attendance is, and how much more easily managed the children are, you will feel amply repaid for any trouble you may have taken.—*Educational Journal.*

KEEPING THE HOUSE IN ORDER.

Mrs. Fairchild was sick, and as there was no help in the kitchen there was nothing for Mr. Fairchild to do when he came home at night but turn in for an evening of housework.

There was always an accumulation of dishes to wash, rooms to sweep, and shelves to arrange, to say nothing of meals that must be either bought or cooked.

He did not mind the work for a few nights, it seemed only a relief from his office work; but what puzzled and annoyed him was that nothing stayed in order. There were just the same dishes to wash and just the same rooms to sweep night after night; there was no change, no variety, in the work. After a week of it he became heartily tired of house work, but he had to keep at it just the same.

In time Mrs. Fairchild's health returned, and household matters ran again in the smooth, comfortable way as of old, with this difference, that Mrs. Fairchild noticed that her husband never asked her when she was going to do this or why she had not done that.

She was surprised to find that he was even wearing some of his clothes unmended.

She chided him gently for not having told her of his wants and he replied:

'Why, dear, I never realized how hard your work, even your sewing, was until you were sick and I had it to do. I tried to mend the lining of my coat one day; it took me an hour to do it, and I was actually tired when it was done. I never realized,' he added, 'what heroines good wives and mothers are to do the drudgery of housekeeping and uncomplainingly and unflinchingly for months and years together, with often never a word of appreciation from those for whom they work.'

Dear, tired housewife, don't get discouraged because the house will not stay in order.

It is a mountainous task to keep a house in order; don't try too hard; be particular indeed about actual cleanliness, but better tolerate a little disorder than worry your life out overdoing what will never stay done.

Said an old housekeeper, who had learned to select what she could let go: 'If it were not for the delusion women have that sometime everything would be done, they would not have the heart to keep on. This delusion is a mirage that keeps them always working.'

A housekeeper's work can never be finished. She is always working at it. Let her realize that there is no nobler work; no work that has a wider or more far-reaching influence, humble as it may seem.

THE GRANDEST WORK.

People sometimes chafe because in their circumstances they cannot do any great things; as if nothing could be really a divine mission unless it is something conspicuous.

A mother occupied with her children laments that she has no time nor leisure for any mission that God may have marked out for her. Does she know that caring well for her children may be the grandest thing that could be found for her in all the range of possible duties? Certainly for her, for the time at least, there is nothing else in all the world so great. Organizing missionary meetings, speaking at conventions, attending Dorcas societies, writing books, painting pictures,—these are all fine things when they are the things that God gives; but if the mother neglects her children to run after these she simply puts out of her hand the largest things to take up those that are exceedingly small.

In other words, that which the Master gives any one to do is always the grandest work he can find. The doing of God's will for any moment is ever the sublimest thing possible for that moment.—*Morning Star.*

WHAT SHALL WE EAT FOR BREAKFAST?

This question is answered most satisfactorily by Mrs. Rorer in the *Household News*, as the following excellent recipes will show:

POTATO MUFFINS.—Put two good-sized potatoes on to boil. After they have been boiling five minutes, drain them off and cover with fresh boiling water. Boil until thoroughly done. Weigh one pound of flour, make a well in the centre. Put in a quarter of a pound of butter. Dissolve one yeast cake in about four tablespoonfuls of warm water, then stir into it sufficient flour to make a biscuit. Knead it lightly on the board, and with a knife cut a cross on the top. Drop it into a kettle of warm water, cut side up. Now let it stand until it floats on the surface of the water, which will take from ten to fifteen minutes. Beat four eggs without separating, and pour them over the butter. Then mash the potatoes until perfectly smooth, and stir them in also. Now we will have worked butter, eggs, potato and flour together. Add one teaspoonful of salt, and a tablespoonful of sugar, and as soon as the yeast biscuit floats on top, skim it off with your hand and work it in with the other ingredients. Work this lightly (the dough must be soft), until it loses its stickiness. Put it in a bowl; cover it, stand it in a warm place for three or four hours, until very light, then form it carefully into tiny rolls; drop them into greased gem pans, and when light the second time bake in a quick oven about ten minutes. They must be a golden brown and a perfect puff.

FRIED CEREALINE.—Put one pint of milk in a double boiler to cook; when hot, stir in, quickly, two cupfuls of cerealine, a half-teaspoonful of salt and one egg, well beaten; cook one minute, turn into a square pan and stand aside over night to cool. In the morning turn it from the mould, cut it into blocks and fry until a golden brown in hot dripping or lard.

QUICK MUFFINS.—Beat three eggs separately until very light; add to the yolks one pint of milk, a teaspoonful of salt, two and a half cupfuls of flour, and a tablespoonful of butter, melted. Beat until smooth and then stir in carefully two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder and the well beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in gem pans, in a quick oven, twenty minutes.

THE STORE-ROOM AND CLOSETS.

However orderly the housekeeper may be and however carefully she may look over her store closets and presses it is important that at least once every year she empty them of all of their holdings and give them a thorough going-over.

Every crack, crevice and cranny should be examined. It is a good plan to have the walls of such places very carefully hard-finished and all cracks closed with plaster of Paris or putty. A good mixture is one quart of white lead and linseed oil, such as is used for painting wood work. Into this stir about one pound of putty worked soft with oil. Keep this on hand in a tin can with a tight cover. When required for use, pour a small quantity into a cup, add one-third to half its bulk of finely ground plaster of Paris, mix thoroughly and apply at once. The combination of putty and plaster makes a firm, gritty mass that mice and moths are not disposed to work through. It can be applied with a putty knife and carefully pressed into the cracks. After a few times using, the wall and wood-work will become so closely united that there is little difficulty experienced in keeping moths away. If all of the cracks in the floor are brushed free from dust and filled with this composition and carefully refilled as the boards shrink, there will soon be a surface as firm and smooth as a china plate, and one that may be wiped off with a damp cloth and kept in order with very little labor.

It is a good plan to tack strips of ticking or other thick cotton material around the edge of the door and occasionally wet them with strong camphor or, if this is objectionable, with oil of cedar, that may be purchased at the druggists, and is an agreeable odor to almost every one. Moths do not like it, and are inclined to keep at a distance from it. This, however, must not be taken as any indication that it will keep them away altogether. It only helps a little.

All shelves should be removable, and may be taken out and brushed with a stiff whisk, then wiped over with a cloth wrung out of naphtha. Wipe the hard finished walls and woodwork of the closet in the same way, to remove all accumulations of dust and possible eggs of moths that the industrious and painstaking miller may have deposited there.

Carefully brush all woollen garments that are to be used occasionally during the warm season. Sometimes dresses are eaten full of holes within a single week, and furs that have been allowed to hang for a few days in dark closets may have enough moth-eggs concealed in their folds in the course of three days to work their total destruction under the very eyes of their owners.

Precautionary measures are the only safe ones, as far as the preservation of furs and fine woollens is concerned, and untiring vigilance is the price one must pay for the possession of such dainty belongings.—*New York Ledger.*

TO PRESERVE BRIC-A-BRAC.

Delicate pieces of bric-a-brac are often broken by upsetting them with a dust-cloth, or by accidentally touching them when reaching for something else on the same shelf. To prevent this, weight down every vase or jar that is not quite heavy in itself with sand or small shot. It will not require a great deal in each piece, and will often save one from being broken in consequence of some slight jar. This is especially useful where there are small children who have not been trained not to be meddlesome.

OUR INVALIDS.

The word 'invalid' usually brings a feeling of sadness and a desire to help the afflicted. Yet how few of those who are willing to help know how to begin! Only those who have been shut in can realize how an act of kindness is appreciated.

If there is an invalid in your neighborhood, try the experiment of kindness to her, and see if two lives are not brightened as the result. Take your last magazine along, and read a cheery article to her; run in as often as you can and don't forget to ask about her health, and express sympathy for whatever afflictions she has, even though you may think her view of them highly colored; then as soon as convenient lead the talk to more cheerful subjects, and when you find that her spirits have followed the lead, your mission for the time is accomplished.

Try to take something with you each time, and your visits will be anticipated with a degree of pleasurable curiosity, aside from the pleasure of your company. A few flowers, a bit of fruit, an interesting paper, a picture, or a poem or joke will be appreciated. If you are sure that the family of your invalid will not object, you can take some little delicacy occasionally.

Go in Sunday afternoon and tell her about the sermon and the hymns that were sung at church, and if you can sing you may be sure she will like to hear you, unless she is one of the very nervous kind.

If she is able to use her hands and likes fancy work, you can give her pleasure by saving bright scraps of cloth and perhaps you can afford to buy some bright silk for her to work them with

Take a little from your tithe purse (I hope you keep one) and buy soft worsteds, and teach her how to make fancy articles. Root a slip from your geranium and when it blooms loan it to her; then when the bloom is gone replace it with a pansy, a sweet violet, or any little plant.

If she is not confined to her bed, perhaps a ride in your carriage would please her. There are old people who are not able to walk, children who seldom have a chance to ride, and mothers who need rest and a breath of fresh air in nearly every neighborhood.—*Housekeeper.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

GEORGIA BOILED RICE.—To boil rice in the Georgia style, pick it over, wash it in cold water put it into three times its quantity of salted boiling water and boil it steadily for twelve minutes without stirring it; then drain off all the water, cover the vessel containing it and set it where it will keep hot enough to steam for ten minutes; it will then be ready to shake. Shake it out of the boiler in a heap on the dish, but do not use a spoon to remove it and do not press it in shape, but serve it as it is thrown lightly on the dish.

BEEF HASH ON TOAST.—Cut cold cooked beef into dice. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan and let it brown; then add a tablespoonful of flour; brown again and add a half-pint of stock or water; stir continually until it boils; add a half-teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of onion juice and a saltspoonful of pepper; add the meat and stand it on the back part of the range to slowly heat for ten minutes, while you prepare the tomato sauce and toast. When the meat is heated, serve it on the toast with the tomato sauce poured around.

BROILED MUTTON CHOPS.—Loin of mutton, popper and salt, a small piece of butter. Cut the chops from a well-hung tender loin of mutton, remove a portion of the fat and trim them into a nice shape; slightly beat and level them; place the gridiron over a bright clear fire, rub the bars with a little fat and lay on the chops. While broiling frequently turn them, and in about eight minutes they will be done. Season with pepper and salt, dish them on a very hot dish, rub a small piece of butter on each chop and serve very hot and expeditiously.

FISH CUTLETS.—Pick fine about two pounds of cold boiled fish. Put one tablespoonful of butter in a spider, have four large spoonfuls of flour mixed with two tablespoonfuls of cold butter then put into the spider; add one pint of hot milk, stir until it boils and is smooth, set on top of the stove, stir in the yolks of four eggs and cook one minute. Remove from the fire, add the cold fish and two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, a dust of cayenne pepper, a teaspoonful of salt, mix and pour out in a cool dish. When cold make into cutlets dip into beaten egg then into bread crumbs and fry in a kettle of hot fat; skim out and drain; serve with cream sauce.

FRIED TOMATOES.—Mix on a platter four tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a small saltspoonful of white pepper; wash some large, firm tomatoes, wipe them dry on a clean towel and slice them half an inch thick, laying the slices in the flour as they are cut and turning them over to cover them with flour. Put a large frying-pan over the fire, with two heaping tablespoonfuls each of butter and lard, and as soon as the fat bubbles, put in slices of tomatoes to cover the bottom of the pan. When one side is brown, turn the slices carefully with a cake-turner or a bread knife, in order to avoide breaking them, and brown the other side. Use enough fat to prevent burning, and when the tomatoes are done, serve them on toast.

MY NEIGHBOR'S BOY.

He seems to be several boys in one,
So much is he constantly everywhere!
And the mischievous things that boy has done
No mind can remember, nor mouth declare.
He fills the whole of his share of space
With his strong, straight form and his merry face.

He is very cowardly, very brave,
He is kind and cruel, is good and bad,
A brute and a hero! Who will save
The best from the worst of my neighbor's lad?
The mean and the noble strive to-day—
Which of the powers will have its way?

The world is needing his strength and skill,
He will make hearts happy or make them ache.
What power is in him for good or ill!
Which of life's paths will his swift feet take?
Will he rise, and draw others up to him,
Or the light that is in him burn low and dim?

But what is my neighbor's boy to me
More than a nuisance? My neighbor's boy,
Though I have some fears of what he may be,
Is a source of solicitude, hope and joy,
And a constant pleasure. Because I pray
That the best that is in him will rule some day.

He passes me with a smile and a nod,
He knows I have hope of him—guesses, too,
That I whisper his name when I ask of God
That men may be righteous, His will to do
And I think that many would have more joy
If they loved and prayed for a neighbor's boy.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

THE TESTS OF A LIFE.

BY HELENA MAYNARD.

'Oh, Mrs. King, I am so glad this pleasant afternoon has tempted you out. I was just wishing I had time to run over to your house for a call,' said Mrs. Marsden, cordially. 'Come, take off your things and stay to tea with us.'

'Oh no, thank you, I can stop but a moment to-day, I have been down to see Mrs. Eddy; she is quite sick with neuralgia.'

'How is she to-day?' I heard last week that she was sick and meant to have gone to see her before now, but I have been so busy.'

'She is better, but I hope you will find time to call; you know they have not been here long enough to make many friends, and I am afraid none of our church ladies have been there since she was sick. She did not complain, but she seemed so lonely and so glad to see me.'

'Well, I will try to go in soon, she seems to be a very pleasant lady.'

'So she is, and intelligent too. By the way, she was speaking of Miss Bird's "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," and that reminded me of your kind offer to lend me your copy after you had read it, so I thought I would stop and get it to-night as I suppose you finished it long ago.'

'I shall be very glad to let you take it,' said Mrs. Marsden, taking down the book from the well-filled shelves of the bookcase, 'but I am ashamed to say I have not read it yet, I am really afraid Philip thinks I did not appreciate his present, but when he gave it to me I was making those drawn-work curtains for sister Alice's wedding present. They were a great deal of work, and I nearly ruined my eyes over them as I was obliged to hurry so as to finish them in time. I sent them off three weeks ago, and she was delighted with them. I wish you had seen them; they were beautiful if I do say it. Of course I had no time to read while I was doing that, and since I have been resting my eyes.'

'Is that the way you rest your eyes?' smilingly inquired Mrs. King, pointing to the work on her friend's table.

'Oh, my dress,' said Mrs. Marsden, 'I must show it to you,' and she held up the beautiful fabric which she was ornamenting with handsome embroidery. 'The pattern is one of my own designing; how do you like it?'

'It is very elegant and in perfect taste, but surely working in those dark shades must be trying to the eyes.'

'Oh, I have been careful, I only work a little while at a time, though I am very anxious to finish it before Wednesday night.'

'Why Wednesday night? You surely don't intend to wear it to prayer meeting?'

'To prayer meeting, Oh no,' laughed the other, 'but to Mrs. Hill's party, which I expect will be quite the event of the season. Of course I am sorry that she should have chosen that night, but I wouldn't miss it on any account, and I am determined to finish my dress so you need not hesitate about taking the book, you will be through with it before I shall get a chance to read it.'

'I thought I should like to read it before Miss Harter's talk on Japan at the union missionary meeting.'

'When is that, I didn't know she was to be here?'

'Why the notice was read in all the churches on Sunday.'

'I didn't go out Sunday. You remember it looked like rain in the morning, and I didn't think it would be prudent to risk getting another wetting, I was out the day before in that heavy shower. I was obliged to go down town to match some ribbons, I almost knew that it would rain before I got back, and so it did, but it didn't hurt me at all. When did you say Miss Harter was to speak?'

'Next Tuesday, and you must be sure to hear her. She is said to be a very entertaining speaker.'

'I hope I can, and if I get my dress done I will. You know one can't do every thing. Something must be crowded out.'

'Yes,' said the other, as she rose to go, 'and I think so often of what Mrs. Whitney said in one of her books: "The tests of a life are the things that are crowded out!"'

'"The things that are crowded out,"' repeated Mrs. Marsden thoughtfully, as she took up her work again. 'I wonder how my life would stand that test; but there, I've put the wrong shade in that bud, that will have to come out; so much for bothering my head with Mrs. King's quotations.'

Mrs. Marsden did not go to the union missionary meeting, but she did get her dress done and wore it to the party, where it was admired by all. She had so many interruptions that she was obliged to work hard at the last to get it done, and she was tired and nervous. Too tired for that hasty glance she usually gave, while undressing, to the Bible text-roll on the wall. It was a gift on her last birthday and hung just below that pathetic picture, familiar to all, of the 'kingly stranger,' with the glory crowned brow and the patient eyes so tender, knocking at the ivy-tangled door.

It was late, but Mrs. Marsden could not sleep. Long before she closed her eyes the moon rose full upon that picture, and in the soft light there seemed a weird fascination about it for her—and she watched it half hoping to hear the creaking of the key and to see the door open on its rusty hinges while through her mind echoed the half forgotten words of a Sabbath-school hymn:

'Hast thou room in thine heart for the King?
Thou harborest many a guest.'—

As she lay there vainly trying to recall the other lines, which seemed just on her tongue's end and yet eluded her, she noticed a window on each side of the door, and before the window figures were constantly passing. As she gazed wonderingly, she saw that each one wore a badge. Most of them were so curiously wrought that she could not decipher them, but a few she could spell out, and among them were Society, Pleasure, Fashion.

Looking still more intently she saw a plate upon the door which to her surprise bore the name of 'Alice M. Marsden,' but while she wondered at it the figure at the door slowly turned toward her with a look of pitying reproach, and in clear tender accents spoke the words, 'Crowded out,' and moved away, while through the windows came the sounds of music and laughter. But at the words a passionate longing and a dire terror seized her, and springing up she fell at his feet, exclaiming, 'Not so, my Lord, not so.'

'What is the matter, Alice?' It was her husband's voice that spoke and lo, there were neither windows, guests nor door-plate, and the 'pilgrim, strange and kingly,' still stood knocking at the door—but there was a tremor in her voice as she said solemnly, 'Philip, I have been crowding the Lord out of my life.'

'You have been dreaming,' he said soothingly.

'Yes, thank God, it was only a dream,' she answered.

Then in the silent watches of the night Alice Marsden looked into her heart and laid it bare before her Lord, and humbly prayed that he might abide there, and that henceforth she might 'seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.'—*Standard.*

OUR WILLIE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES GARRET.

Some time ago, on a specially festive occasion, I was invited to dine at a beautiful home which I had often visited before. There was a large gathering of friends, for the family was noted for its hospitality. I knew that total abstinence had not been smiled upon there, and I was therefore surprised, on sitting down to dinner, to notice the entire absence of wine-glasses. I wondered for a moment whether this was done out of compliment to myself, and I therefore asked the lady of the house if they had become abstainers since I had last visited there. I saw, by the change in her face, that my question had given her pain, and, bending towards me, she said in a whisper, 'I will explain it after dinner.'

As soon as dinner was ended, she took me into an ante-room, and, with great emotion, she said, 'You asked me about the absence of wine-glasses at the table?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'I noticed their absence, and was puzzled at the reason.'

With a quivering voice, she said, 'I want to tell you the reason, but it is a sad story for me to tell and for you to hear. You remember my son Willie?'

'Oh, yes,' I answered, 'I remember him well.'

'Wasn't he a bonnie lad?' she asked, with tears in her eyes.

'Yes,' I said, 'Willie was one of the finest lads I have ever seen.'

'Yes,' she continued, 'he was my pride, and perhaps I loved him too well. You know that we always used wine freely, and never imagined that any harm would come from it. You are aware also, that our house is known as the "Ministers'" Home and that they are nowhere more welcome than here. On Sundays I have always let the children stay up to supper, so that they might have the benefit of the conversation; and as my husband and the ministers took wine, I always gave the children half a glass—on Sundays only. By-and-by Willie went to business, and I was as happy as a mother could be; I thought I had everything to make me so.

'After a time, however, I began to feel uncomfortable. I noticed, when I gave Willie his good-night kiss, that his breath smelt of drink; and I spoke to him about it. He laughed at my fears, saying he had only had a glass with his friends, and I thought that perhaps my strong love for him had made me foolishly suspicious. I tried to dismiss my fears; but it was in vain, for I saw things were getting worse. There was a look in his eyes and a huskiness in his voice which told me he was, at least, in terrible danger. I didn't know what to do about it. I feared to speak to his father. If it should turn out that I was mistaken, I know that he would be vexed with me for suspecting such a thing; and if I were correct in these suspicions, I dreaded he might take some strong measures with Willie which would end badly. So I waited, and prayed, and hoped. My hopes, however, were in vain. He began to come home late at nights; his father became alarmed, and, as I feared would be the case, spoke sharply to him, and threatened severe punishment. Willie, who had a high spirit, answered his father as he should not have done, and they frequently came to high words.

'One night Willie came home quite drunk. I tried to get him off to bed without his father knowing it, but I failed. His father met him in the passage, and many bitter words passed between them. At last his father ordered him to leave the house. He went, and for months we heard nothing whatever of him. Father ordered us never to mention him, and I and his sisters could do nothing but pray that in some way God would restore him to us.

'At length, one night, after my daughters and servants had gone to bed, and while father and I were sitting reading, suddenly I heard a faint voice, which I thought sounded like Willie's.

'I dared not speak; but father looked earnestly at me and said, "Did you hear anything?" I said, I thought I did. He said, "Go to the door and see!" I went and opened the side door, and there, looking more like a corpse than a living body, was Willie.'

'I said "Willie!"

'"Mother," he said, "will you let me in?"

'"Ay, my boy," I said, as I folded him to my heart; "You should never have gone away. Come in and welcome." He tried to do it, but he was so feeble that I had to help him. He said, "Don't take me into the drawing-room; take me into the kitchen I am cold and dying." I said, "No, my boy, I'll soon nurse you up, and you'll be yourself again."

'"Mother," he said, "I wish you would make me a basin of bread and milk, as you used to do when I was a little boy. I think I could eat that." I said "I'll make you anything you want, but don't look so sad; come upstairs and go to bed, and I will soon get you right."

'He tried to walk, but fell back into the chair. I called his father, and he came. Not an angry word was spoken. They only said "Willie!"—"Father!" Seeing his condition, his father took him up in his arms as he would a little child, and carried him up into his own bed. After a moment's pause he said, "Father, I am dying, and the drink has killed me." His father said, "No, no, my boy, cheer up! you'll be better soon. Your mother will bring you round." "No, never; God be merciful to me a sinner."

'His head fell back, and my bonnie boy was gone.

'His father stood gazing at him with a look of agony for some minutes, and then turned to me and said, "Mother, I see it all now. The drink has killed poor Willie, but it shall do no more harm in our house; there shall never be another drop in this house while I live." All there was in the house was destroyed, and we parted with the very wine-glasses, and that's the reason of what you noticed to-day.'—*League Journal.*

SAVING WORDS.

There is a little text I should like to have you find, which tells of words 'whereby "we" may be saved,' Acts xi: 14. Why, perhaps you ask, how can words save us? Go out into the street; see that man just crossing the road: he has not looked carefully, for there is an omnibus close upon him. A little more, and he will be killed. But one seeing his danger, calls out to him. He hears, 'Get out of the way.' Words, warning words, have saved him; words believed. Read these words of Jesus: 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' These and others like them are 'words' whereby 'you may be saved'—if you believe them.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

MORE LIGHT.

Dr. B. W. Richardson says, that the first words of most physicians when they enter sick rooms in private houses should be Goethe's dying exclamation: 'More light! more light!' It certainly is true, that generally before the doctor can get a good look at the patient he has to ask that the curtains be raised, in order that the rays of a much greater healer than the ablest physician may ever hope to be may be admitted. If the patient's eyes are so affected that they cannot bear the light, a little ingenuity will suffice to screen them, and at the same time allow the cheerful light to enter. A dark sick room must be an uncheerful one, and now that it is known that light is one of the most potent microbe-killers, let us have it in abundance.

THE SPIDER WEB.

Whenever I see
On bush or tree
A great big spider web,
I say with a shout:
'Little fly, look out!
That web seems pretty and white.
But a spider hides there, and he's ready to bite.'

So, if anyone here
Drinks cider or beer,
I say to him now,
With my very best bow,
'Have a care of that lager and cider,
For there hides a wicked old spider.
And it thrills him with joy
To catch man or boy
And weave all about him with terrible might
The meshes of habit—the rum appetite.'

—*Prohibition Advocate*

'DON'T YOU WAKE UP !'

'DONT YOU WAKE UP.'

Who does not love to watch the earliest dawn of the mother instinct in a little child, and what mother could not duplicate this little scene in her own memory. Our little mother loves her baby brother, and loves to tend him—for a little while. But she is only a baby herself and the responsibility is too much for her, for long. Should he wake up before mother comes whatever would she do. What a sigh of relief she will give when mother does come and she can give her whole attention to her frolicsome dog and decrepit doll.

STRIPED CARNATIONS.

BY ED. CLIFFORD.

Tom and Hester Moody lived at No. 4 Eastfield street, Birmingham. They had a nice little garden at the back, and their carnations especially were beautiful, and much admired.

One day, Albert Baker, a small boy who lived at No. 3, jumped over the garden wall to get his ball, and he jumped right on to the best carnations. Some of them were broken off, and most of the patch was trampled down and spoiled.

Hester saw it from the kitchen window, and boiled with anger. She told Tom as soon as he came home from work.

'Do we plant our flowers for that wretched, dirty boy to trample on whenever he chooses? I'll have the law on him,' said Tom Moody.

And Hester backed him up well, talking about the neglected, untidy garden next door, and about the shiftless, slatternly Mrs. Baker and her dirty, spoiled boy, and her idle husband. And most of what they said was true.

And it was not the first time they had been annoyed. Once a dead cat had been thrown over, and worse still, there was a live cat that they believed had damaged some white lillies. The matter had been 'mentioned' to Mrs. Baker at the time, but had not been well received by her. But the horrid boy actually daring to come into their garden was worst of all.

Now Tom and Hester were sincere Christians, and that night they knelt together in prayer, as usual. They gave thanks for many good gifts, and prayed for many blessings for themselves and others. Tom did not like to leave the quarrel out of his prayers, but he felt it was rather an awkward thing to pray about, though he had no doubt that he was quite right. At last he prayed: 'O Lord, guide us about this quarrel. Thou knowest, Lord, how very aggravating these people have been, and we feel it is not right that we should put up with such conduct. Guide and direct us, Lord, for Jesus Christ's sake.' They both said 'Amen,' and went silently to bed.

'We won't do anything on Sunday,' said Tom, 'but on Monday morning I'll go in and have a straight talk with them.'

I think they were glad that as yet they had not acted. Tom and Hester had begun to feel that perhaps some of the words they had planned might not be spoken at all. The telling a vexation to God calms us down, and often puts things in a different light.

They started talking about the carnations the next morning, while they were getting up, and before church-time they felt almost as hot as ever.

The Bakers did not go to church.

Tom and Hester had prayed that they might be guided about the quarrel, and their prayer was answered, for after the morning service everything was changed.

The vicar, Mr. Higgins, preached from the text, 'Why do ye not rather suffer wrong?' Tom and Hester at first felt indignant and unconvinced, and each of them longed to get up and have their own say back. It would have been, 'Do you mean to say, sir, that we ought to let people bully us, injure us, and trample on our striped carnations without protesting? No, no, that cannot be right.' But in church people cannot speak out without being thought lunatics, so they sat on and listened, and presently Mr. Higgins said: 'The rule is that in quarrels and differences, Christian people are not so much to protect themselves, as to bless others. We are often willing to deny ourselves in money and pleasure in order to help those who are needy! But it is an uncommon form of self-denial for us to bear a little injury without resenting it, and to simply do what is best for the one who has injured us. Do not say to yourself, "I will have my rights," but say, "Lord, teach me what will be best for the person who is willing to quarrel with me." It is not always the kindest thing to give way, for that may mean that the soul of the other person is hurt and the character spoilt. Many a father and mother, and many a husband and wife has erred in this way by indulgence, and has made the other selfish and idle and unreasonable. But, in most of our quarrels, God blesses the kindly yielding spirit. Can we imagine Christ standing up for His rights in such quarrels as, for the most part, occupy us?

'It is wonderful what a power a quarrel has to embitter life and to make us disagreeable. It casts a fog on our happiness, and spoils everything. Good humor and enjoyment are impossible if we are quarreling. Let us avoid quarrels.

'And now may the peace of God which passeth all understanding, keep our hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God and of Jesus Christ His Son.'

Tom and Hester both said 'Amen' rather loud, and as they walked home they humbly agreed that they would let the matter drop. And immediately they felt happy and peaceful and that they had done the right thing.

Poor Mrs. Baker was leaning on the wall of her little front yard, as they came back. She looked more depressed than ever, but when she saw them coming, she drew herself together as if for a conflict. But Tom and Hester both gave her a pleasant smile and a pleasant greeting. This made her wonder, for she had fully expected to hear about the striped carnations, and she was prepared to say that her boy had a right to play ball she supposed, and that if they did not want the ball to come over, they ought to put rabbit netting to protect their garden, as other people did, and that she was not going to leather the boy, or to hear him spoken against, and that it was not her cat that had broken down those lillies, and that if people went to church it was a pity they could not keep their tempers, and that she was not the only one that complained of Mrs. Moody's fine-lady airs about her house and garden, and that Mrs. Moody's aunt by marriage was not any better than she ought to be.

Instead of this she said nothing, but looked ashamed, and the Moodys knew they had done right.

But, oh, how thankful they felt five days later that they had acted in this way, for poor little Albert Baker fell into a well and was drowned.

Hester went in, full of sympathy, and helped, and tried to comfort the poor mother. She and Tom lent thirty shillings towards the funeral and attended it, and helped with some little things for the mourning. And the hearts of the poor Bakers were won forever, and eventually they were won for Christ.

Tears fell on the little coffin, but none of the tears were bitter. On it lay a beautiful wreath of white roses and striped carnations.—*Union Signal.*

FIRESIDE FANCIES. *From Painting by H. Sperling.*

MASTER BARTLEMY OR THE THANKFUL HEART.

By Frances E. Crompton, Author of 'Friday's Child.'

IV.

In the course of some years' experience, Trimmer had more than once had occasion to remark that Miss Nancy's behavior, like that of many children, ran in grooves. When she conducted herself in a manner creditable to herself and her elders, she could be depended on for days, and even weeks; when she did otherwise, Trimmer was less disturbed in mind by the one deed committed, than by the immediate prospect of others to follow. Miss Nancy's next exploit was the more painful to all properly constituted minds, because it took place on Sunday. Nay, to confess the truth, it was actually in church.

It was a Sunday in what might have been either late spring or early summer. Miss Nancy always remembered that she wore a new Leghorn hat, and what Trimmer called a 'lawn' frock with an embroidered hem, cool and spotless, and, like everything chosen for Miss Nancy by Aunt Norreys, plain, with that very dainty plainness which is fine in the extreme.

Miss Nancy walked to church with the squire through the hall fields. Aunt Norreys always drove, and every Sunday it was Miss Nancy's surest aim to have escaped, and have fairly set out with dear daddy, before the lumbering old family carriage came to the door. She had successfully evaded it to-day, she had safely set out with the squire, and she had plodded beside him through the hall fields to the churchyard gate, in the contented silence which always prevailed between them.

One went through the churchyard almost waist deep in meadow grass, under ash-trees so ancient and spreading that the little old church seemed half covered with the trees, and half sunk into the earth. The ivy had climbed triumphantly to the battlements, making of the tower one vast nest for hundreds upon hundreds of birds. They flew out, chattering and screaming at the sound of voices below, and fluttered round the tower in a cloud,—jackdaws, and starlings, and martins, to say nothing of the sparrows, who were everywhere, and chiefly perching in rows on the head-stones. The porch was very small and sunken, the rafters low within, and the roof without so covered with ivy and traveller's-joy, that the doorway was like the mouth of a green cave.

You also went down a step into the porch, and down another into the church itself, in a manner agreeably contrary to your preconceived ideas, and what naturally caused Miss Nancy, a mooning child, as Trimmer truly said of her, to fall forward into obscurity with an unseemly noise nearly every Sunday of her life. It was dark and cold within, after the sunshine outside, the rafters were so low, and the flagged floor so sunken as to give a general impression of going down into the centre of the earth. The ivy had crept under the eaves into the church, hanging in corners like green banners; and the birds had followed the ivy, and fluttered here and there all service time. There were pigeons among the rafters (report said that Tummus Trowle, the sexton, was not quite guiltless of scattering corn on the floor for them during the week), and on drowsy Sunday afternoons the mice came out and played on the chancel floor, while the bats flitted overhead, like ghosts of long-dead mice.

But this was considered only proper to Forest Morton, the smallest and oldest church in the shire with its primitive tower of unhewn stone, and rude belfry lights, its low arches, and small windows deeply set in the massive walls. It might also have boasted of that marvellous old chancel wood-work, which had no counterpart in all the country-side. It was a standing admiration to Miss Nancy, a fanciful dream of figures, and leaves, and flowers, and sheaves of corn, and angels with outspread wings and palms in their hands.

Miss Nancy sat with the squire and Aunt Norreys in the square Throgmorton pew, with her feet half a yard off the floor, owing to the shortness of her legs, and her head half a foot from the pew-back, owing to the width of her hat-brim. And Miss Nancy being rather small, and the sides of the pew rather high, the only thing she could see as she sat was the window opposite, a lattice of old green glass, deep in the wall. It stood open in summer, to Miss Nancy's great joy; for the sunlight came through it in a very enlivening manner and she could see the apple-trees in Tummus Trowle's garden, and the ash-trees in the churchyard, and the white roses that flourished under the sunny window, and nodded friendly greetings, and even came inside when occasion offered.

Beneath the sunny window was an old friend of Miss Nancy's. She looked at him every Sunday, for he was always there, at rest on his worn stone tomb, being also stone himself, only he was such a dear old friend that she had almost lost sight of the circumstance. He lay in his ruff and gown, with his hands crossed very peacefully on his breast, and his gentle face looking upward. He was not a Throgmorton. Miss Nancy herself was of opinion that he was too beautiful to have been a Throgmorton, of whose looks as a race she could not think highly. Dear daddy was daddy, and as such forever to be admired; but from the dozen dull portraits at the Hall it could only have been concluded that the Throgmortons had been no more handsome than they had been famous.

All her life Miss Nancy had cherished a deep affection for this friend, looking at him when she could not understand the sermon (which was usually), and wondering how long he had been lying there so silently, and whether the roses peeped in, and nodded, and showered their petals on him, because they loved him. There were not many to think upon him, and the dust lay thick over his body, and in the few remaining letters of the rubbed inscription. 'Here ly— Bartholom—.' Tummus Trowle, when he swept out the church (a thing that, to do him justice, rarely occurred to him), called him Master Bartlemy and Miss Nancy too called him Master Bartlemy, and rather inclined to the belief that he had never had any other name.

Miss Nancy sat and looked at him, very upright, because of the brim of her hat, and very stiff, because her shoes dangled so far from the floor. The sunshine came in through the open window, and made a dancing pathway, which fell across Master Bartlemy's face; for Miss Nancy had observed that if there was any sunshine at all, it always lingered there. He lay and took his rest very quietly, and the buds of the white roses peeped in through the lattice, and nodded sleepily at him; and Miss Nancy too nodded sleepily, and would have fallen quite asleep if the envious Leghorn would have permitted it.

But then there came down a pigeon from the darkness of the rafters and settled on the old tomb, pluming himself on Master Bartlemy's breast, with movements so graceful and innocent that Miss Nancy held her breath for fear of disturbing him. And then he began to coo softly, opening his wings in the sunlight, and nestling against the crossed hands of him who lay there as if, Miss Nancy thought, Master Bartlemy might once have loved living creatures very dearly.

(To be Continued.)

SARCASM IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

As a rule sarcasm is out of place in a school-room. It should never be used in dealing with younger children. Among the older ones there is occasionally a nature that can appreciate sarcasm and perhaps is better for receiving it. In the majority of cases sarcasm stirs a bitter feeling, which it should not be the aim of the teacher to arouse. The result of sarcasm is one of two emotions; either a hurt, wounded feeling, or one of retaliation—a desire to give an answer as sharp as the remark. This in an immatured mind will fall short of sarcasm and be simply impudence.

A SUGAR PLANTATION.

A DAY ON A SUGAR ESTATE IN JAMAICA.

The Caymanas Estate, one of the best estates in Jamaica, is within easy access of Kingston.

The estate, which is in reality three estates combined, contains about 1,000 acres of land on the plains, 2,000 acres of mountain land, and 500 acres of lagoon. There are 700 acres under cane cultivation, the rest being given up to cocoa-nut trees, logwood, and other agricultural produce. The estate gives employment to some five or six hundred hands, men, women, and children.

Work commences at six o'clock in the morning and lasts till dusk.

The period of sugar-making extends from the beginning of December till the middle of June, the cane being planted so as to ripen in succession during those months; for if it all ripened at once it would be impossible to find either the labor or the machinery to deal with it—the more especially in Jamaica, where the central factory system is at present unknown.

On a visit out of season—that is to say, when sugar is not being made—there is apparently little life about the place.

When sugar is being made, however, all is different. Cutters—each attended by his binder, usually a woman—cut down the rows of cane; the bundles are received into the wains, and are drawn by oxen to the yard in front of the boiling-house, where they are uncarted and deposited, one after the other, upon an automatic carrier working on an endless chain.

By means of the carrier they are deposited between the rollers, three in number, of the mill, by which the cane is crushed, and juice to the extent of 65 to 70 percent is extracted at the rate of 1,000 to 1,200 gallons an hour; the juice falling through a brass gauze filter into a small chamber, and the crushed cane, or megass as it is called, being conveyed away on another automatic carrier, to be subsequently used as fuel.

The juice, which is tested from time to time by the polariscope (which instrument is also used to ascertain the right time at which to cut the cane), as it passes through the chamber mentioned above, is subjected to sulphur fumes, in order to clean it. Thence it passes up into a heater, which consists of a cylinder with 175 small perpendicular tubes, each surrounded by steam, in order that it may be at once brought to boiling-point to prevent acidity; for directly unboiled juice is exposed to the air it commences to turn acid. It now passes through wire gauze for the third time, to get rid of any small portions of cane which may have eluded the previous strainings, into a series of four tanks, where it is clarified with cream of lime. After staying there about fifteen minutes, the juice is drawn off into three 'eliminators,' where it is again boiled-up, skimmed, brushed, and allowed to settle; the clear liquid is drawn off with syphons, and the 'bottoms' are passed through filter bags. The clear juice is then run into a suction tank, where it is drawn off by a vacuum into three receivers, or 'triple effet' as they are called—perpendicular cylinders, about five feet in diameter, with 420 pipes in each. As the contents of each succeeding cylinder boils at a lower temperature than the one preceding it, the series is, in a way, co-operative, the waste steam from the one being utilized to boil the next.

As soon as the juice is sweet enough it is run off into a receiver below the vacuum pan, into which it is drawn in small charges, granulated, and the grains built on. After boiling in the pan for seven or eight hours, it has turned into an almost solid body of sugar and molasses, called massecuite. It is then put into boxes, and allowed to cool for from twelve to eighteen hours. Then it passes into a 'pug mill' with teeth to break it up; and next it undergoes one of the most important features of its complicated manufacture—the centrifugal machine, some 2½ feet in diameter, where it is whirled round at the rate of 1,700 to 2,000 revolutions a minute, which speed causes the molasses to fly out through the wire gauze of which the inner sides of the machine are composed. In the old days, when sugar was not so carefully prepared, the molasses used to run out of the casks into the hold of the ship, as the sugar was being conveyed to England, and formed a valuable perquisite for the mate. The molasses from the centrifugal machine goes to the distillery to play its part in the manufacture of rum. Thus the whole process of converting newly-cut cane into sugar fit for table—of the more important features of which only a very brief sketch has been given—is carried on in a building no larger than about sixty feet by forty feet; and during the months of manufacture as much as ten tons is made in a day, or, taking an average, forty-five to fifty tons a week—enough to sweeten about 2,500,000 cups of tea.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

SOAP-BUBBLES,

AND THE FORCES WHICH MOULD THEM.

By C. V. Boys, A.R.S.M., F.R.S. of the Royal College of Science.

(Continued.)

PRACTICAL HINTS.

PARAFFINED SIEVE.

Melt some paraffin wax or one or two paraffin candles of the best quality in a clean flat dish, not over the fire, which would be dangerous, but on a hot plate. When melted and clear like water, dip the sieve in, and when all is hot quickly take it out and knock it once or twice on the table to shake the paraffin out of the holes. Leave upside down until cold, and then be careful not to scratch or rub off the paraffin. This had best be done in a place where a mess is of no consequence.

There is no difficulty in filling or in setting it to float upon water.

NARROW TUBES AND CAPILLARITY.

Get some quill-glass tube from a chemist, that is, tube about the size of a pen. If it is more than, say, a foot long, cut off a piece by first making a firm scratch in one place with a three-cornered file, when it will break at the place easily. To make very narrow tube from this, hold it near the ends in the two hands very lightly, so that the middle part is high up in the brightest part of an ordinary bright and flat gas flame. Keep it turning until at last it becomes so soft that it is difficult to hold it straight. It can then be bent into any shape, but if it is wanted to be drawn out it must be held still longer until the black smoke upon it begins to crack and peel up. Then quickly take it out of the flame, and pull the two ends apart, when a long narrow tube will be formed between. This can be made finer or coarser by regulating the heat and the manner in which it is pulled out. No directions will tell any one so much as a very little practice. For drawing out tubes the flame of a Bunsen burner or of a blow-pipe is more convenient; but for bending tubes nothing is so good as the flat gas flame. Do not clean off smoke till the tubes are cold, and do not hurry their cooling by wetting or blowing upon them. In the country where gas is not to be had, the flame of a large spirit-lamp can be made to do, but it is not so good as a gas-flame. The narrower these tubes are, the higher will clean water be observed to rise in them. To color the water, paints from a color-box must not be used. They are not liquid, and will clog the very fine tubes. Some dye that will quite dissolve (as sugar does) must be used. An aniline dye, called soluble blue, does very well. A little vinegar added may make the color last better.

CAPILLARITY BETWEEN PLATES.

Two plates of flat glass, say three to five inches square, are required. Provided they are quite clean and well wetted there is no difficulty. A little soap and hot water will probably be sufficient to clean them.

TEARS OF WINE.

These are best seen in a mixture of from two to three parts of water, and one part of spirits of wine containing a very little rosaniline (a red aniline dye), to give it a nice color. A piece of the dye about as large as a mustard-seed will be enough for a large glass. The side of the glass should be wetted with the mixture.

CAT-BOXES.

Every school-boy knows how to make these. They are not the boxes made by cutting slits in paper. They are simply made by folding, and are then blown out like the 'frog,' which is also made of folded paper.

LIQUID BEADS.

Instead of melting gold, water rolled on to a table thickly dusted with lycopodium, or other fine dust, or quicksilver rolled or thrown upon a smooth table, will show the difference in the shape of large and small beads perfectly. A magnifying-glass will make the difference more evident. In using quicksilver, be careful that none of it falls on gold or silver coins, or jewellery, or plate, or on the ornamental gilding on book-covers. It will do serious damage.

PLATEAU'S EXPERIMENT.

To perform this with very great perfection requires much care and trouble. It is easy to succeed up to a certain point. Pour into a clean bottle about a tablespoonful of salad-oil, and pour upon it a mixture of nine parts by volume spirits of wine (not methylated spirits), and seven parts of water. Shake up and leave for a day if necessary, when it will be found that the oil has settled together by itself. Fill a tumbler with the same mixture of spirit and water, and then with a fine glass pipe, dipping about half-way down, slowly introduce a very little water. This will make the liquid below a little heavier. Dip into the oil a pipe and take out a little by closing the upper end with the finger, and carefully drop this into the tumbler. If it goes to the bottom, a little more water is required in the lower half of the tumbler. If by chance it will not sink at all a little more spirit is wanted in the upper half. At last the oil will just float in the middle of the mixture. More can then be added, taking care to prevent it from touching the sides. If the liquid below is ever so little heavier, and the liquid above ever so little lighter than oil, the drop of oil perhaps as large as a halfpenny will be almost perfectly round. It will not appear round if seen through the glass, because the glass magnifies it sideways, but not up and down, as may be seen by holding a coin in the liquid just above it. To see the drop in its true shape the vessel must either be a globe, or one side must be made of flat glass.

(To be Continued.)

FAR AWAY REFORMERS.

New Zealand is so distant from the rest of the world that the average person knows less about it than about some other smaller and less interesting countries. Australia is its nearest neighbor, and Australia is 1200 miles to the westward. Recently attention has been called to this group of islands by an election likely to be famous as the first of importance in which women had equal powers with men. In New Zealand every person more than twenty-one years old has a right to vote for any public officer. Women vote in some Western States, but not for all offices, and in no country except New Zealand has anything like a national election been held in which women were on an equal footing with men. As was expected, they were less influenced by parties than by the character of men running for office, and a majority of them voted against the liquor interests.

The country which has just taken this decisive step in politics is still a colony of Great Britian, and its capital, Wellington, is almost directly opposite to London on the globe. New Zealand, therefore, is the most remote colony under the government of the Queen, and it is also likely to be one of the most important. Its population is not yet a million, but is very near that figure, and the three principal islands are together about twice as large as New York State, and nearly as large as Great Britain and Ireland. The days average a little warmer than in New York and London, but the weather is neither so warm in summer nor so cold in winter as in England and the United States. There is heavy rainfall and an almost constant west wind. In the northern island especially the climate is so fine that it has attracted many settlers from the British Isles, while the rich soil and the valuable mines have brought many more immigrants.

New Zealand would seem to most persons born in the north temperate zone a strange land. At first sight it is not so very different in appearance from hilly countries with which our readers are familiar. A mountainous ridge runs the whole length of the islands, and the highest peak, in the southernmost island, which is nearly all mountains, rises into the air 12,350 feet. One point of difference that would soon suggest itself is the topsy-turvy arrangement of seasons, according to Northern ideas. Christmas is nearly at midsummer, and the days are longest about that time. Winter comes when we are having our summer, and spring is like our fall, and fall is like our spring. When Captain Cook landed on the islands in 1760 the only animals on it except men were two kinds of bats, one of rats, and a few lizards. There are no snakes, and none of the furry creatures which give life to the woods and fields of America. Even the fish in the clear streams and large fine lakes are small and of little value as food. The natives of New Zealand, the Maoris, were once cannibals, who were greatly feared by sailors, until a missionary went there, educated them, and made them Christians.

Since white people have gone to New Zealand to live they have stocked the islands with cattle, sheep, horses, and other animals, and the wool industry is one of the most important in all New Zealand. The white people had to import grains and vegetables, too, for few of the native plants can be eaten. The forests contain ferns of great size and beauty, and some of the trees are valuable for their wood, but most of the useful plants had to be imported. Now Zealand, when Tasman found it in 1642, looked like a remnant of a long-past geologic age, and it is like Australia in that man has to a very great extent brought its vegetation down to date.

The Governor of New Zealand is appointed by the British crown, and so are the forty-one life members of the Upper House of the Legislature, called the Legislative Council. The Lower House is made up of representatives elected by the people every third year. There are seventy of them, including four Maoris, who are elected by the 40,000 natives who still remain. These Maoris look like the other Pacific Islanders, and speak a language similar to that of the people of Hawaii. Like most other savages who come in contact with civilization, they are dying out, and the time probably is not far distant when all that is known of the Maori will be his portrait and a few books and magazine articles about him.—*Harper's Young People.*

'MESSENGER' BIBLE COMPETITION.

THE PRIZE WINNERS.

We are a little later than we expected to be in announcing the prize winners of the first quarter, but 'better late than never.'

THE JUNIOR PRIZE WINNERS

are both boys and both only ten years old, The first junior prize has been won by James Miles Langstaff, Ontario, and the second by Milton I. Morris, Ontario.

THE SENIOR PRIZE WINNERS

are both girls. The first prize is taken by Miss Maud Gunter, Ontario, and the second by Miss Edna Stone, Ontario.

We congratulate Ontario this time. But are the other provinces going to let their Ontario friends win all the laurels next time?

HONORABLE MENTION.

The sketches sent in by the following also deserve honorable mention:—Seniors, Nellie M., Annie Libley, W. R., Muriel, Guillaume, Nona Lee, Walnut, Ambitious, Mayflower, Maggie Johnston, Peach Blossom.

Juniors:—Rex, Daisy, St. John, Willie, May, Millie Watson, The Winter Bird, Star Bright.

Below we give the prize essays.

THE STORY OF GENESIS.

In the beginning, God created the earth. When it was ready for man God formed Adam and Eve, pure and holy, and placed them in Eden with everything necessary for happiness. They, tempted by Satan, disobeyed God, thus bringing sin and death into the world. They were driven from Eden, and though promised redemption in Christ, the disposition to sin tainted the race.

Their eldest son, Cain, murdered his righteous brother, Abel, and when the descendants of Cain and Seth became numerous, they became so exceedingly sinful that God destroyed them by a flood, from which (in the ark built by Noah at God's command) Noah's family, and seed of breathing creatures were saved.

Afterward, the descendants of Noah's sons—Shem, Ham, Japheth—also became numerous and tried to build a tower to heaven, but God confused their languages and scattered them abroad, thus founding the different nations.

Although sin abounded, God always had some faithful worshippers, Abram, eighth patriarch from Shem, being one. While in Haran, God appeared to him, called him into Canaan, promised to give him that land, and make from him a great nation. Abram believed God, so with Sarai, his wife and Lot, his nephew, went into Canaan. Having sojourned in Egypt on account of famine, they finally settled in Canaan, Lot choosing the plains of Sodom, Abram staying at Mamre.

A great war broke out among the nations. The Sodomites were defeated and Lot taken prisoner, Abram pursued and defeated the victors, brought back Lot, gave the spoils to the Sodomites and gave tithes of all to Melchizedek the priest of God. God again appeared to Abram, renewing his covenant and promising him a son. Soon, Ishmael, son of Sarai's handmaid, Hagar, was born, but God promised that though Ishmael should become a great nation, Sarai should bear a son, Isaac, who should inherit the birthright. God then instituted circumcision.

God again visited Abraham, renewed the promises and granted Abraham's plea that Sodom should be spared if therein were ten righteous. These not being found, Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed, but Lot escaped.

At the promised time, Isaac was born, and Ishmael sent away for having mocked him. God afterward tried Abraham's faith by commanding him to sacrifice Isaac. Abraham proving faithful, God saved Isaac's life and promised still greater blessings upon them.

Rebecca, grand-daughter of Abraham's brother, Nahor, became Isaac's wife, and twins, Esau and Jacob, were born to them. In Philistia where Isaac had gone from famine, God confirmed to him the covenant made with Abraham.

Esau sold his birthright to Jacob who, by deception, also received the blessing Isaac intended for Esau, and so had to flee from Esau to his mother's, brother Laban at Padan-Aram whose shepherd he became. God greatly blessed him, he married Laban's daughters, Leah and Rachel, and many children were born to him. Laban not paying him just wages, he collected his possessions and departed secretly. Laban pursued them, but finally parted from them peacefully.

ISOBEL.

JUNIOR PRIZE ESSAY.

God created heaven, earth, sea and all that in them is in six days. His last and greatest work was the creation of man. On the seventh day God rested and thus instituted the Sabbath.

Adam and Eve were placed in the garden of Eden with permission to eat of any tree in the garden except one. Satan, disguised as a serpent, pursuaded Eve with flattering promises to eat of the forbidden fruit. She gave to Adam. When God afterwards walked in the garden they both hid. Called by God and questioned, Adam blamed Eve and Eve the serpent. God cursed Satan, drove Adam and Eve from the garden, at the same time mercifully promising them a Saviour.

Cain and Abel were Adam's sons, the one a farmer, the other a shepherd. Both went at one time to worship. Cain seeing Abel's sacrifice accepted while his own was rejected, became angry at his brother and finally killed him.

After a while, people became so wicked that God sent a flood which destroyed all but Noah and family who were saved in the ark. God afterwards made a covenant of which the rainbow was a sign that a flood would never again destroy the earth.

On the world again becoming wicked, God called Abram from Ur to go to Canaan, to become the founder of the Hebrew nation.

He wandered about with his flocks. When about ninety years old, God appeared to him, changed his name to Abraham and promised him a son in whom all nations should be blessed.

At Mamre, angels came to him to foretell the birth of his son and the destruction of Sodom. Abraham pleaded with the Lord to spare the city if fifty, forty-five, even ten righteous could be found. God granted his request. Soon after Isaac was born, and when about twenty-five years old, God called Abraham to offer him as a sacrifice. Abraham obeyed, took Isaac to Mount Moriah and was about to slay him when God interposed. A ram caught in the bushes was offered in Isaac's stead.

After Sarah's death, Isaac married Rebecca. Twenty years afterward, Esau and Jacob were born. The one became a hunter, the other a shepherd. One day Esau came in faint and hungry from hunting and found Jacob with pottage prepared. On Esau's asking for some pottage, Jacob took advantage of his weakness to gain the birthright. Again, when Isaac had become very old, Jacob, with his mother's aid, supplanted his brother and secured his father's blessing. Then, afraid of Esau's anger, Jacob left home. The second night on his way to Haran he dreamed that he saw a ladder with angels ascending and descending and God above. In the morning he was so impressed with the dream that he placed a stone for a memorial and made a vow that the Lord should be his God and that he would devote a tenth of all he had to God's service.

SELIM.

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